

Chapter 13

Kylie's POV

Dean opens the door and I make my way over to the couch and look up at him expectantly.

He pulls the door shut behind him and makes his way over, hesitating slightly before sitting beside me.

This time, I don't try to touch him or grab his hand.

Not yet. Even though it is tempting to do so...especially when his cologne makes me want to put my face directly into his neck and inhale it for like a minute straight.

Shaking my shoulders, I attempt to shake away the very odd image in my head of myself doing just that to Dean.

What a weird thing to want to do. Anyway. I want to get answers rst. Before anything else happens. I need them.

Whatever is happening between Dean and me, is also happening between Mr. Van Kerr and me, and what the hell does that creepy scar-covered dude have to do with it all?

I fold my arms tightly across my chest to resist the urge to grab Dean's hand, or touch him anywhere, especially not his neck, since that is what my body really wants to do.

Dean glances at my crossed arms and takes a deep breath. "I am sure that you are feeling confused about...some new feelings that you are experiencing."

"Yep. I am."

Dean rubs the back of his neck and gives me a sheepish grin, "Understandable."

I don't return the grin, even though my heart starts racing at the sight of his.

Is there no controlling these feelings?

He sighs and lets his hand drop to his lap.

My hand icks involuntarily in betrayal, wanting to grab his, but I push it hard against my arm, denying myself what I really want until I get those answers.

"This is going to sound extremely strange to you." He gives me an apologetic glance, "Almost unbelievable, really. You might even think that I am crazy."

I lean my head forward, encouraging him to go on, hoping whatever he tells me assures me that I am not crazy.

He gives a low moan of frustration and runs both of his hands through his hair and holds his head down, clearly struggling to say whatever it is that he needs to say.

The movement makes his arm muscles ex in a way that momentarily distracts me.

Funny how I never really noticed things like biceps before, but now the sight of them does such...funny things to me.

Maybe it's because Dean has such nice biceps. Very nice.

My arms loosen and I decide that maybe if I touch his arm in support...it will be easier for him to explain. Just one small touch...

Reaching out a slightly shaking hand, I place it gently onto that very nice, bulging bicep, just under the sleeve of his polo, against his skin.

My breath catches as the unexplainable sensations spring to life once again.

He tenses just slightly as he raises his head and looks down at my hand on his arm. Then he slowly lifts his other hand and places it over mine.

Oh god, can he hear how loud my heart is right now?

He has got to be able to.

The sound of it is pounding against my ears.

I lift my eyes to meet his, and it's as if he is asking me something...asking permission.

Yes.

Hell yes.

Yes, please, yes!

Then it happens fast.

Dean's hands move around my waist, and he lifts me onto his lap, nearly crushing me against his hard chest, both hands skimming up my sides before he grabs my face.

My breasts seem to heave with each breath as I grasp onto his shirt and enjoy the feeling of leaning into him, tilting my face upwards to meet his.

His eyes stay on mine as his face gets closer...closer...

His lips pause so close to mine that I let out a low, urgent moan of desire...lifting myself up to meet his lips with my own eager, almost desperate, ones and it feels as if my body is melting into his, and all I want, need, is more.

Wrapping my arms tightly against his neck, I gasp as he runs his tongue along my lower lip before nibbling softly on it.

Dean's hands move lower, to my hips and he guides them against his lap, pushing them back and forth against his hardness, my skirt riding up to expose my entire thighs so that he moves his hands lower, inching them slowly under my skirt.

This is moving so fast, maybe I should stop it...

But that thought is a eeting one.

It feels right.

It feels amazing.

I don't want to stop or slow down.

But I do wonder if it would feel like this with Mr. Van Kerr too...

Dean gasps and pushes me off his lap onto the couch beside him, catching me off guard so that I almost roll off the couch in surprise.

He grabs my arm to help steady me before he stands up abruptly and turns away, adjusting his shorts.

"Damn it, Kylie..." His voice is soft, and I watch him in painful disappointment and confusion as he runs his hands through his hair again before turning around, his face hardening.

"Okay. Here goes. The truth. You deserve to know before anything...more...happens. Or I won't feel right about it. This place is not what you think it is, and I am not who you think that I am. Kylie, I am a--"

Another huge pounding on the door interrupts him and I quickly scramble upright on the couch, pulling down my skirt, feeling frustrated, as Dean turns, actually looking relieved, and takes long, quick strides to the door.

"Kylie! Why are you not answering your phone? Again!"

I have never been an advocate for violence, but I have a strong desire to slam the door in Staci's face as Dean jerks it open to reveal her standing there with her hand poised in a st, ready to pound again.

Her eyes go so wide that they look like they are going to pop out of her head as she looks at Dean, then to me where I sit on the couch tugging awkwardly at my clothes, then back to Dean.

She purses her lips and shakes her head, looking so livid that I wouldn't be surprised to see smoke coming from her ears.

She turns slowly towards me, her narrowed eyes almost looking as if they swirl in her anger. Each word comes out slowly and deliberately as she speaks to me like a parent would while scolding a misbehaved child.

"We did not hire you so that you can hole up in the cottage with another staff member to hook up all day instead of doing your work. You have responsibilities and if you cannot meet those..."

"I am! I mean, I will. I can! I just..."

My words falter at her cold stare and I clear my throat, feeling my cheeks burn in shame. I can do my job and not just hook up with my roommate, can't I? Admittedly, a huge part of me does feel resentment towards Staci for interrupting us. I know what I would rather be doing right now...

"My last lesson was cancelled. So I came back to grab something to eat."

Yeah...I am so not a very good liar. I can feel my cheeks burning even hotter and Staci does not look convinced.

"Mr. Kinston would like you to meet him at dock 7. Clearly, since you cannot be trusted to be where you should be, or answer your phone as you should, I have got to make sure that you arrive on time so that you do not make us all look bad. Please go change. I will wait here to drive you."

I glance at Dean, who gives a grimace, and then scamper to my room, feeling both guilty and disappointed.

The thought that Staci might be more upset that Milo wants me to go on a boat ride with him than the fact that I didn't answer my phone runs through my head.

I need to get Milo to back off, or I am going to lose my job, and with it, any chance I have to get answers to all these questions swirling around in my head.

Not to mention, if I get red, I won't get to do what Dean and I were just doing anymore...and that has got to happen again.

Without a very irate boss interrupting us.

But I cannot help wondering, as I pull off my top, what was he about to say just now when he pushed me from his lap so suddenly?

This place isn't what I think it is? He isn't who I think he is? Then what is this place? Who is Dean? And are the answers to my past here?

Could that creepy man from earlier today really know anything about me and where I came from?

Ugh. I have got to admit, Staci really does have a knack for interrupting at just the right moment.

All I have now are even more questions, and still not one freaking answer.

I am not really sure what people wear on a boat, as I have never been on one before, so I put on the outt I was told I should wear to attend activities, since I guess this is considered one, and quickly put my hair into a loose braid down my back.

Feeling a little nervous when I look in the mirror, I start to wonder what the hell I am going to do on a boat with Milo Kinston, not to mention, what could we possibly have to talk about?

Especially when all I can think about is what Dean and I were just doing on the couch and that all I want to do is pick up right where we left off...

When I get back to the living room, Staci is standing against the front door, her arms crossed, looking quite miserable.

She gives a grunt as she looks at me, "Let's go."

I glance around for Dean.

"I told him to get back to work or I will re his ass too. Bunch of lazy..." She grumbles all the way to the golf cart and ops sullenly into her seat.

Well. Day two is going great.

Fantastic.

Making all sorts of friends.

Making a good impression on my boss...

Yep.

Awesome.

Well...there were a few good parts...what was just happening between Dean and I was pretty damn awesome...until he stopped it abruptly to tell me that he isn't who I think he is??

So, who the hell is he?

And why does his touch make me all obsessed with doing...um...physical things...all of a sudden??

Dammit! I can't be thinking about that right now.

I try to block out Dean, the way he makes me feel and what secrets he is keeping, but it's not as easy as that, and the moment we just had together replays itself over and over in my head as I climb into the golf cart.

Staci seems as distracted as I am as she jerks the golf cart more than usual and keeps throwing disgruntled looks at me.

When the lake gets into sight, her shoulders slump a little.

"Not sure why he wants you to go with him."

She gives me a shrewd sideways look.

"Do you understand why he wants you to go with him? What is expected when staff get invited to these things?"

My stomach gives a nervous ip.

"Umm...no?"

Her eyes roll upward, and she shakes her head.

"Such a waste."

What exactly is expected of me?

Why did Milo Kinston want me to go with him?

And I can't help but worry, will my body react to him the way that it did with Dean and Mr. Van Kerr?